









daily, at 3, and in the evening at 7 1/2. Admission, 25 cents. Children, under 10, and schools, half price. Pamphlet and Map six cents. May 19.



## POETRY.

## THE BATTLE OF NASEBY.

BY ORADIAN RICHIE, IN HIS OWN CHAIRS AND THEIR  
NIGHTS WITH LINES OF IRON.

Sergeant in Irton's regiment.

Oh! wherefore come ye forth in triumph from the North,  
With your hands, and your feet, and your raiment all red?  
And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joyous shout?  
And whence be the grapes of the wine-press which ye tread?

Oh evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,  
And crimson was the juice of the vintage that we trod;  
For we trampled on the throng of the haughty and the strong,  
Who sat in the high places, and slew the saints of God.

It was about the noon of a glorious day in June,  
That we saw their banners dance and their cuirasses shine;  
And the Man of Blood was there, with his long casened hair,  
And Asly and Sir Marmaduke, and Rupert of the Rhine.

Like a servant of the Lord, with his Bible and his sword,  
The General rode along us to form us for the fight,  
When a murmuring sound broke out, and swelled into a shout,  
Among the godless horsemen upon the tyrant's right.

And hark! like the roar of the billows on the shore,  
The cry of battle rises along their charging line;  
For God! for the Cause! for the Church! for the Law!  
For Charles, King of England, and Rupert of the Rhine!

The furious German comes, with his clars and his drums,  
His bravos Alastia and pages of Whitehall;  
They are bursting on our flanks! Grasp your pikes—  
Close your ranks—

For Rupert never comes to battle or to fall.  
They are here—they rush on—we are broken—we are gone—  
Our left is borne before them, like stubble on the blast.  
O Lord, put forth thy might! O Lord, defend the right!

Stand back to back, in God's name, and fight it to the last.  
Stout Skippon hath a wound—the centre hath given ground—  
Hark! hark! What means the trampling of horsemen on our rear?  
Whose banner do I see, boys? 'Tis he, thank God, 'tis he, boys!

Bear up another minute. Brave Oliver is here.  
Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row,  
Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the dykes,  
Our cuirasses have burst on the ranks of the Ac-cursed.

And at a shock have scattered the forest of his pikes.  
Fast, fast, the gallant ride, in some safe nook to hide,  
Their coward heads predestined to rot on Temple-Bar;  
And he—he turns, he flies—shame to those cruel eyes.

That bore to look on torture, and dare not look on war!  
Ho, comrades! scour the plain; and, ere ye stir the slain,  
First give another stab, to make your guests secure;  
Then shake from sleeves and pockets, their broad-swords and lockets.

The tokens of the wanton, the plunder of the poor.  
Fools! your doublets shone with gold, and your hearts were gay and bold,  
When ye kissed your lady hands to your leman to-day;  
And to-morrow shall the fox, from her chambers in the rocks,

Lead forth her tawny cubs, to howl above the prey.  
Where be your tongues, that late mock'd at heaven and hell and fate,  
And the fingers that were once so busy with your blades,  
Your perfumed satin clothes, your catches and your oaths,

Your stage-plays and your sonnets, your diamonds and your spades?  
Down, down, forever down with the mitre and the crown,  
With the Helial of the court, and the Mammon of the Pope;  
There was we in Oxford halls; there was in Durham stalls;

The Jesuit smites his bosom; the Bishop reads his cope.  
And she of the seven hills shall mourn her children's ill,  
And tremble when she thinks on the edge of Eng-land's sword;  
And the kings of earth, in fear, must shudder when they hear

What the hand of God hath wrought for the Houses and the Word.  
MACAULAY.

## THE CRISIS.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The day is breaking in the East, of which the prophets told,  
And brightens up the sky of Time, the Christian Age of Gold;

Old Right to Right is yielding, battle blade to clerkly pen,  
Earth's monarchs are her peoples, and serfs stand up as men;

The Isles rejoice together, in a day are nations born,  
And the slave walks free in Tunis, and by Stamboul's Golden Horn!

Is this, oh countrymen of mine! a day for us to sow  
The soil of new-gained empire with slavery's seeds of woe?

To feed with our fresh life-blood the old world's cast-off crime,  
Dropped like some monstrous early birth, from the tired lap of Time?

To run anew the evil race the old lost nations ran,  
And die like them of unbelief of God, and wrong of man!

The Crisis presses on us; face to face with us it stands;  
With solemn lips of question, like the Sphinx in Egypt's sands!

This day we fashion Destiny, our web of Fate we spin;  
This day for all hereafter choose we holiness or sin;

Even now from stony Gerazim, or Ebal's cloudy crown,  
We call the dew of blessing or the bulls of cursing down!

By all for which the martyrs bore their agony and shame;  
By all the warning words of truth with which the prophets came;

By the Future which awaits us; by all the hopes which cast

Their faint and trembling beams across the black-ness of the Past:

And in the awful name of Him, who for Earth's freedom died;  
Oh ye people! oh my brothers! let us choose the righteous side!

## REFORMATORY.

REMARKS OF STEPHEN S. FOSTER AND PARKER PILLBURY.

At the late Anti-Sabbath Convention in Boston.

[REPORTED BY H. M. FARNHURST.]

STEPHEN S. FOSTER addressed the assembly as follows:

In the results that have been presented to this Convention, and the remarks that have been made by those who have preceded me, considerable stress has been laid upon the statute law requiring the observance of the Sabbath day, in distinction from other days of the week. I do not know that too much stress has been laid upon this, but to my mind it is a thing of little consequence. I do not regard these penal enactments as of any force, or their repeal as any moral gain to the cause of freedom. It may be well enough to have them repealed, and if any thing can be accomplished by their repeal, I think it can be easily done; and for one, I should have no objection to petition for their repeal. Still, I think we should lose by it as much as we should gain. These penal enactments are sometimes of very great service to our cause, and these cases are when the attempt is made to enforce them.

Suppose, Mr. Chairman, that they should be enforced; the consequences are very trifling indeed. It is easy for you or me to lose a few dollars, or to spend a few hours, or days, or even weeks, in a prison. It does not injure us in the least as men. It has done us, as individuals, no harm. We are what we should have been, in all essential respects, had these enactments never been enforced or executed upon us. I do not look upon this as important. The loss of a few dollars, may, of all, what is it? Property is something that can be easily acquired. If it is gone, we can easily supply its place, or we can dispense with it. Property and personal freedom are, in my mind, of comparatively little consequence; but, Mr. Chairman, there is an injury done by the prevalent views of the Sabbath to this community, which is irreparable. It is the effect, upon the moral mind, of the sentiment which prevails, not in regard to punishing the violations of the Sabbath, but in regard to the Sabbath itself. It is that which I most deplore. I have felt its sad consequences in my own person. I was trained to believe that the Sabbath was a holy day. I loved to believe it, I don't know, but suppose it was like other boys; I was accustomed to believe what my minister told me, and what my mother told me. Such were my superstitious notions of this day, that I thought it a very great sin to take up an axe, and cut a stick of wood, but I could lift my foot a dozen times to break it. The sound of the axe must not be heard upon the Sabbath.

These notions followed me for years, and their sad effects were felt in almost every duty I was called to perform. For many years, when I stood upon the banks of the stream, to bathe in the pure and liquid fountain of health and peace, it was long before I could make up my mind to enter upon that delightful duty, because my mother had told me of the many instances of boys being drowned by going into the water on Sunday; and I was really and positively afraid that I should be drowned, because such was the effect of superstition upon my mind, that I had not the absolute control of my limbs; and it was not until many attempts, that I ventured out into the deep. I mention this as a specimen of the dreadful influence of the superstitious notions of the Sabbath day, which are everywhere taught. It is that which I deplore, and not the taking of a few paltry dollars, by the bigoted ignorance of mine, who may choose to enforce the law. It is the effect upon our character, intellect, and moral nature, which is to be deplored; and it is the cause of that effect which this Convention ought to hold up to the contempt, and ridicule, and indignation of an enlightened community.

This notion of the Sabbath, sir, is the great capital of the priesthood—their only capital. It is that alone in which they can traffic. It is that which they whole order rests. It is their play-day—the day upon which they perform. It is that fact, that makes the day the sun of the moral universe, in the estimation of the venerable Dr. Beecher. It is the day, Mr. Chairman, the radiance of which gives them their bread, and therefore they cling to it with more tenacity than they cling to any other precept of the Bible, admitting that to be one. But did Jesus Christ ever say a word against Sabbath-breakers as sinners? He spoke against adulterers, and thieves, and liars, and profane swearers, but did he ever speak against Sabbath-breaking? Did the Apostles ever speak of Sabbath-breaking? Not in a solitary instance; and yet if you go to meeting, (I need to do such things, Mr. Chairman,) one half of all the denunciations of the priesthood are against Sabbath-breaking; and they have got up a special society for the purpose of promoting the better observance of the Sabbath. Strange oversight in the Son of God! What a pity that the venerable Dr. Beecher had not lived in his day, and called up that subject, and asked him if he had not a word of denunciation for the Sabbath-breaker!

This notion, that is disseminated from more than forty thousand pulpits in this country, that the Sabbath is a holy day, is a proposition most absurd and ridiculous. What is holiness? Is it the attribute of time, or of substance of a thing? I had always supposed that holiness was an attribute of intelligence, that holiness and intelligence were inseparably connected, and that holiness could not be connected with anything but intelligence. If we were to speak of a holy horse, or a holy ox, a holy barn, or a holy stove, would it not shock the moral sense of every individual in this house? Is holiness the attribute of a thing, the attribute of matter, the attribute of place, the attribute of space, or the attribute of time? or is it the attribute of intelligence? Sir, the idea of holiness is an absurdity. God is holy; man is holy or unholy, because he is a moral, intelligent, and accountable being. But it is an attribute that cannot, in any sense, way, or shape, be applied to time. All time is the same. The sun shines; the wind blows; the trees wave their tops; the rocks look solemn in their eternal beds; vegetation springs forth under the radiance of the sun; all things move on, the same on Sunday as on Monday. There is no change; there is nothing in the whole circuit of nature to indicate that that day is in the slightest possible degree different from other days. There is nothing from which you could gather that God had distinguished it in the least from other days.

The only place wherein you can find anything like a distinction, is in the old Jewish law. But if you take the Sabbath of the Jews, then you must take the day which the Jews kept, and you must take it for the purposes for which it was established.

Not even that of the hammer. The Sabbath-day observance of one of our pious neighbors was so much disturbed at the sound of our hammer, a few Sundays since, as to lead him to cry out to us, in an authoritative tone, to desist; but we (Christians) gave no heed to his solemn commands, and went on to finish our job; and a more satisfactory piece of work we have seldom done, even on Sunday. And it has not yet fallen to pieces, but is as firm as though it had been done on Monday; so we trust we shall not have occasion to break the holy Sabbath day again in mending it.—Print, Lib.

by the Jews; you must keep it as the Jews kept it, and you must punish its violations as the Jews punished it. Ah, Mr. Chairman, if the Jewish law of the Sabbath was executed, we should see all our priesthood swinging upon the gibbet to-morrow morning. There is not a man of them, that do not violate it every week. Not one of them keeps it, or pretends to keep it, for the purposes for which it was established by Moses. What was it established for? Purely as a day of rest. Every one was to lie still, and it was as much for the beast as for the man, just as much for the ox as for his owner. Every living thing was to rest, and lie still on that day. There was to be no harnessing of the horse to go off to meeting. That was a crime, sending the owner of the horse to the gibbet—was it not? I appeal to your knowledge of that law; if a man had harnessed his animal, and driven him off five miles to attend a meeting, would they not have stoned him to death? Yet we are told now, that we must do it, or go to hell; there is no alternative.

Our friend, (Mr. Burleigh,) who has preceded me, has reasoned this matter very ably. I cannot do it. I cannot make an argument in favor of the non-observance of the Sabbath day. I have not the language, I have not the patience to do it. I want to argue against something, but my friend has the very happy faculty of arguing against nothing at all, and making a very profound, able, and interesting argument. But I ask our friend, if he does not feel that he has argued against nothing, after all? The sacredness of the Sabbath—who believes, or who ever thought of such a thing? No man of sense; little boys, old men, and old women, that never think for themselves, think there is something sacred about the Sabbath. The boys believe it, because they are told to believe it, and they know it at once. The only thing it is necessary for this Convention to do, it seems to me, except to occupy the time, and amuse and interest those here, is simply to assert the fact that there is no Sabbath, and everybody will know it. You don't need to argue, for there is no argument to it. I have no patience to reason or talk about the Sabbath. There is no Sabbath. It is all a humbug and delusion. All days are alike. Everything keeps on one day as on another. All time is alike. If you spend a day profitably to yourself and your fellow-men, you will have kept it holy; you will have been holy through the day. I will assert these facts, and there I will leave it. I hope this Convention will send out a strong voice, through the length and breadth of the land, saying to the children and youth, 'THERE IS NO SABBATH'; there are no holy days; all days are alike; and all men are holy, who do their duty to God and their fellow-men.

One thing more I would do. I would set the example to children, of doing on Sunday what I do on other days. If I make hay on Saturday, I make it on Sunday. I may be tired and glad to rest, but my neighbors do not make it on Sunday, and I feel it my duty to do it. When my neighbors get so that they are not afraid to make hay on Sunday, and then choose to meet together, I may be glad to meet with them. I wish to show that I can do this, and yet live. My barns have not yet been burned, although there is considerable hay in them that was got in on Sunday. You may tell Dr. Edwards, that a man can do this, and not be struck with lightning. I have got them insured, but the Insurance Company has not been to be enticed to convert to this faith; for they did not charge me any extra per centage that I know of. I am inclined to think that this doctrine of Dr. Edwards is not gaining ground, although I have no doubt that he is exerting himself to the utmost. I think the best teacher is example. So long as the community think it to be wrong to work on Sunday, I shall feel it my duty to work on Sunday. But when it shall be generally understood that there is no distinction in days, then, if convenient, I shall be very glad to lay it aside. I don't like the idea of working seven days in the week. A man who will work half the time, ought to have a good living. But I do think, in the present state of society, we can preach most effectually, especially to children and youth, by going about our ordinary employments. If you don't like to work all day, work half the day, and be sure to work where you will be seen. Show them that you can work on Sunday, and yet not cheat on Monday. I think the good sense of this community will be satisfied that it is better to work on Sunday, and be honest all the time, than to keep the Sunday, and lie, cheat, and steal, the remaining six days of the week.

Mr. Foster was followed by Parker Pillsbury, who said:—  
It would, perhaps, be better to continue the train of remark which has been commenced this evening, but there are one or two other things, upon which I wish to say a few words. I wish to notice the manner in which the Sabbath is regarded in the Vermont Chronicle of yesterday's date; and the Chronicle is the organ of Congregational Christianity in that State. I find in it a little article, headed, 'WAS THE SABBATH?' that I regard as a very striking illustration of the manner in which the Sabbath is held and observed by the Orthodox Christianity of the country. The article begins with quoting from another paper an account of a military inspection of the brigade under the command of General Cushing, on Sunday, which it considers as a violation of the Sabbath. A march is perfectly in keeping with the day, I suppose, for the soldiers marched from Metamora to Monterey, some fifty or sixty miles, on the Sabbath; but that, I suppose, was only a Sabbath day's journey, and no violation of the sacredness of the day! A battle, also, is in perfect keeping with the requirements of God in regard to the Sabbath. The slaughter of an army is no sin, but to review an army violates the Sabbath! The storming of Monterey was carried on on Sunday; the surrender of Vera Cruz also took place on Sunday. These, however, were perfectly in accordance with the law of the Sabbath; for I hear of no religious paper which has ever deprecated either of these transactions; and yet both of them were accompanied with immense slaughter, not only of American soldiers, but of Mexican women and children. There was no sin in the storming of Monterey on Sunday, but to review General Cushing's regiment was a violation of the Sabbath!

This afternoon, Mr. Parker alluded to the fact, that some kinds of theological preaching were in perfect keeping with the Sabbath. While all defence of the rights of man, or the drunkard, was in violation of the day, a Congregational clergyman could preach eight Sundays in succession, in defence of the doctrine of infant baptism, when some of his church members had become somewhat heretical upon that point; and this was regarded as excellent keeping of the Sabbath. The same clergyman preached a sermon, in which he defined what was and what was not proper on the first day of the week. Among other things, he said that, on their way to or from church, if they were addressed by a neighbor or friend, they were under no obligation whatever to return any answer; and he would suggest to them that they pass each other in silence on the first day of the week, and if addressed by a stranger or friend, that they should return no answer. This is the kind of Sabbath-keeping proclaimed in our community. In regard to this eight Sundays' preaching about infant baptism, I know of not a single instance in which that minister has ever uttered one breath against the act of infant baptism, which has been carried on in Mexico for the last twenty-four months. To slaughter infants by the hundred, as they have been slaughtered in Mexico, is no crime; the minister of that church has not lifted his voice against it; but to baptize an infant is a crime of such magnitude as to deserve the spending of eight Sun-days in succession.

I wished to make a remark upon the earnestness with which the intelligence, apparent in the audience to-day, and this evening, which are to me so cheering indications. I believe that if the clergy understood the deep feeling there is in the community, in relation to the Sabbath, they would be far more solicitous than they now are. Nearly one-half of their preaching is in regard to the Sabbath. But there is a mighty under-current of feeling, and the calling of this Convention is, I believe, the precursor of a far more desirable state of things. It was well remarked this afternoon, (by Mr. Alcott,) that our books are kept by clerks; we employ men to do for us everything of a moral and religious nature. Our religion is mainly carried on by proxy. There has been a mistake among the community, that there is no necessity of our making use of the powers and faculties God has given us. We do not aspire to be anything but what our fathers were, and are satisfied to tread in their footsteps. They have been Whigs, and we must be Whigs; or they have been Democrats, and we must be Democrats. Whigs look upon young men as so much stock in trade to be manufactured into Whigs. Democrats take a similar view; and young men become perfectly reconciled to it, and look upon themselves as only material, lumber for you please, to be worked up into politicians. The ministry takes a similar view of the rising generation. What is the intention of the Sabbath School? Is it anything more or less than a manufactory of sectarians? What are our Sunday schools, but West Point institutions for the education of spiritual cadets for the sectarianism of the country? It takes mighty little to make a politician; it takes very little to make a Baptist, and next to nothing to make a Methodist. The idea that only God could create out of nothing has almost superseded; sectarians and politicians are made out of next to nothing, if not altogether nothing. People look upon themselves as a great lumber-yard, piled up with lumber, to be hewed out into politicians and sectarians. It is a shame to the generation, a reproach to the age, that the young men have no higher and holier aspirations.

A theological student said, that he loved Thanksgiving day, and Fast day, but he could not say he loved the Sabbath. It is not until they come out into the community, and find the Sabbath a harvest-day, that they fall in love with it. You know you have no love for the day; why not dare to speak your convictions? You go to meeting on Sunday, and hear your minister talk very large, and long, and loud, about the heroism of Christianity:

'Should ardent against my soul engage,  
And hellish arts be hurled,  
Still I can smile at Satan's rage,  
And face a frowning world;—

and yet that minister dare not face his nearest neighbor, nor you either! You know that you do not love the Sabbath, but dare not say it.

I am glad of the calling of this Convention, and the multitude it has brought together. I trust that it will increase in numbers and interest up to its very close, and that to-day shall be but the beginning of a revolution that shall eclipse, far eclipse, the revolution in France, which at this moment is rocking all nations. This is not to be a trifling matter. The Sabbath is the forlorn hope of the Church, and never will be given up without a great struggle. It is the Gibraltar of sectarian worship. You are all tired of it, but you dare not brave public opinion.

Friend Foster mentioned the burning of barns and upsetting of boats, urged by the pulpit in defence of the Sabbath. No doubt, there are more accidents in proportion on the Sabbath. You are cowards; you expect to be drowned, and therefore you are drowned; and your cowardice is the occasion of it. God don't go about drowning folks on Sunday. God is no incendiary to set fire to folks' barns, and burn their hay and cattle. It is your own cowardice. Go into the water, cool, calm, and composed, and you come out safe. Go trembling, and expecting that God is upon your track to drown you, and you will probably be drowned. If you sincerely believe that you ought to keep the Sabbath, go and keep it. I hold you responsible; you are a Sabbath-breaker if you do not. But I am not to be judged by your conscience. I hold you to the doctrine of the New Testament: 'Whosoever is not of this life is sin; and he that doubts is damned;—and you damn yourselves by your doubts.'

You all know that the argument of the Sabbath rests upon the Bible. I stand ready to prove to the clergy, out of their own mouths, that whether the Bible teach the doctrine or not, it does not help the matter at all; for there is not a theological seminary but admits to the world that its authority is, after all, a piece of deception which they practise upon the people, and that they have no belief themselves in its authority.

Tax, or Foul. Perhaps some of our friends, who may be so unfortunate as to reside remote from a sea-port, would like to know why it is often so very foggy in such places. We must confess that, until reading the following in the Western Recorder, we were not aware that it was sent for the purpose of forcing men to the sublimated observance of Sunday. We know not whether our readers will be as apt to appreciate this seasonable interposition as the agents of the line of steamships seem to have been.—Sabbath Recorder.

It was advertised that the American Atlantic steamer Washington would leave New York for Liverpool on the 20th of February. When it was found that the 20th was the Sabbath, not only Christians, but the secular newspapers remonstrated. The agent said he had no authority to make the change, and so the ship left on the 21st. The morning arrived, and at 8 o'clock the Washington left the dock. In the meanwhile, such a dense fog rose, and obscured the city and harbor, that it was impossible for her to move with safety. After going a short distance, she dropped her anchors off Castle Garden, and remained there during the day. The next morning, the sun rose in a clear, bright atmosphere, and the Washington once more started successfully from her moorings on her voyage. It has since been officially announced, that no more steamers of this line will sail on Sunday!

JOHN RITCHIE, D. D. OF EDINBURGH.

An able Scotch correspondent of Burtin's Christian Citizen furnishes the following graphic sketch of this remarkable man:—

There are some ministers in our land,—alas, we could almost enumerate them from memory—who have never been silent when good was to be spoken, and who have not remained upon the downy cushion of ease when good was to be done. Of these, and pre-eminent amongst them, is Doctor John Ritchie, of the United Presbyterian Church, Edinburgh. We do not know anything of Doctor Ritchie's genealogy, more than we have of himself factually declared. Talking of ancestry and high descent, he claimed kindred, he said, with a certain John Dyer, whose tombstone told the world, if it pleased to read, that he was descended from Adam, and which also very pertinently queried, who could go higher?

A numerous congregation and a fine architectural chapel were the symbols of mental power and illustrations of the Christian benevolence and enlightened humanity of the minister preaching over and in them, then Dr. Ritchie would not be reckoned eminent. He is, perhaps, the best extemporaneous orator in Scotland; he possesses an immense fund of varied knowledge; splendid powers of deduction and comparison, a clear, close logical style of arrangement, and correctness of manner; and yet his congregation is not amongst the most numerous, and perhaps it is not the most select. Perhaps the solution for the reason of the disparity between the talents of the minister and the number of those who wait upon his ministry, is his having discarded the exclusive clerical idea, and mingled so prominently in the discussion of the general questions affecting humanity. In the first place, he was the champion of the principles

upon which his church government is based, when voluntarily, and merely a whispered question among dissenters. The original seceders from the Church of Scotland were no more volunteers than the Free Church members are; all acknowledged, and do acknowledge, the legitimacy of State connection, always provided their own peculiar dogmata were admitted.

John Ritchie became the champion of the voluntary question then, preaching the rejection of State interference with religion upon principle, and now that principle is universal in the communion of which he is so distinguished a member. When the poor, degraded, lacerated negro knelt upon the shores of Jamaica, and holding up his mangled hands, while the scolding tongs, coarsed down his sable cheeks, cried into the ear and heart of every man in Britain, 'Am I not a man and a brother?'—this good man, rousing up at the call, answered 'I am, brother; be of good cheer.' He was not the last to reply to the appeal. Whenever an assembly of laymen were met to speak a word for the slave, there, among the first, would be found Dr. Ritchie. In the Corn Law movement he was in the van; and when the clergy did arouse themselves, after the heat of the day was past, he was among them to inspire and enliven them.

In 1844, when the good George Sturge desired a reconciliation of the middle and working classes, in order to produce an agitation for manhood suffrage, Dr. Ritchie, in compliance with the dictates of his sense of duty, was again heard speaking for liberty and unity, at the Conference at Birmingham; and he elicited the universal thanks of the meeting for the zeal, talent, patience and eloquence he had displayed in what unluckily proved an abortive attempt at unity. He is a long and tried advocate of total abstinence; and he is also a member of the League of Universal Brotherhood. If we have one D. D. in this famed city, whose potential *ipse dixit* proscribes active benevolence and practical philanthropy as infidelity, because they are excommunicated by the hierarchy, Dr. Ritchie claims them and fosters them, and expels, too, as not only orthodox, but Christian. Dr. Ritchie is not only singularly liberal in his opinions, and singularly unbigoted, but singularly seems to be his chief characteristic. Imagine you see an athletic, tall, handsome man, with a very low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat; with a ruddy, healthy, and humorous face; whiskers, white as snow, bristling, well-turned legs, encased in black breeches and stockings, with, perhaps, shoes with loose latches; and you may form some idea of the outer man; in our estimation, the most distinguished dissenting minister in Scotland.

Doctor Ritchie is a thoroughly a Scotchman—perhaps the best living type of the humor, shrewdness, energy, pathos, and hardihood of the national character, and amongst the few educated men who retain the Scottish dialect in its purity. Perhaps the most popular idea of his oratory is that it is full of humor. Of wit there is none in the Scotch constitution; we are too heavy for even a twinkle. The only light in the humor of Dr. Ritchie we can attain, is a degree of humor. Of this element of the national mind, Doctor Ritchie is full to repletion. His comparisons, allusions, inferences and illustrations, are all jokes; and he could amuse a vast assembly, with the greatest ease to himself, and edification to his auditory, for hours together. But he can become stern, stern, and stern, and convince us as well as please, that he does not like more than to scatter the snows of age upon his head. His step is still elastic, and his muscular form unimpaired; and his heart is as green and sympathetic for the good and true, as when his manhood was in its meridian bloom. J. B. S. Edinburgh, Scotland.

NURSERY PHILOSOPHY.—The New Haven Herald exclaims:

'Roman, what are you whipping that child for?—For crying, do you say? That is an original mode of closing the little creature's tear ducts,—a new way of assuaging infantile grief. Little breeches is crying because he feels bad as you. His only philosophy has sustained irreparable damage, and his grief is poignant. Did you experience but a title of the grief which now agitates his little bosom, you would seek and seek for whole days, while he blows it out in fifteen minutes, it is over! How would you like to be whipped for indulging in your peculiar grief in your own way? And what if his mode is somewhat humorous?—What if he does stand astraddle in the middle of the room, a flood of tears washing clean streaks down his features, shouting forth to the whole neighborhood his sorrow?—his go-cart has broken down, and he don't care who knows it.'

An Orthodox Dog.—An old shepherd in one of those outlying border Scotch parishes, where there are sometimes more quadrupeds than bipeds in church on a Sabbath day, was a regular attender, with his old dog, at the parish Church, down to the disputation. But at that eventful era, he quitted the establishment and joined the Free Church. His dog, however, no friend to new ideas, high flying notions, could by no means be induced to change; but, while his master trades every Sunday to hear the minister of his choice, away he trots doggedly to the place and the preacher he has been accustomed to.—Border Watch.

Money Wasted.—A curious calculation was mentioned in the House of Representatives, the other day. The expense of the war with Mexico and the purchase of worthless territory will be a hundred and seventy millions of dollars. This amount in silver, placed in two-horse wagons, a thousand pounds to each wagon, would fill ten thousand six hundred and twenty-five wagons; and would make a dense train extending sixty-six miles; money enough to educate all the children of the country, and liquidate all the State debts, and clean out every harbor, and equer the United States with railroads and canals.

Episcopal.—It appears from the Churchman, that there are in the United States, twenty-seven bishops, fourteen hundred and forty clergymen, and eighty-seven thousand five hundred and fifty communicants. The only means of reaching the church on a Sabbath day, was a regular attender, with his old dog, at the parish Church, down to the disputation. But at that eventful era, he quitted the establishment and joined the Free Church. His dog, however, no friend to new ideas, high flying notions, could by no means be induced to change; but, while his master trades every Sunday to hear the minister of his choice, away he trots doggedly to the place and the preacher he has been accustomed to.—Border Watch.

Grand College.—By the final report of the building committee of the University of Michigan, we learn that the entire sum expended in its construction is \$1,933,821.78, and that the great rooms on which the greater portion of this sum was expended, are wholly unfit for the use for which they were intended. The only means of reaching the church on a Sabbath day, was a regular attender, with his old dog, at the parish Church, down to the disputation. But at that eventful era, he quitted the establishment and joined the Free Church. His dog, however, no friend to new ideas, high flying notions, could by no means be induced to change; but, while his master trades every Sunday to hear the minister of his choice, away he trots doggedly to the place and the preacher he has been accustomed to.—Border Watch.

Large Trout.—According to the Milwaukee Sentinel, a trout was captured in that vicinity that weighed fifty-five pounds. He was about four feet in length, the largest trout ever seen in those parts, or indeed any where else.

The London Times, recently, contained upwards of nineteen hundred advertisements, occupying sixty-four columns and a half.

Lucius E. Smith has withdrawn from the editorial chair of the Hartford Courant, not being able, consistently, to support the nomination of General Taylor.

New Tragedy.—Lamartine has an unpublished tragedy, founded on the history of Toussaint L'Ouverture. A Daguerrotype artist, by the name of Jagay, has purchased a flat-bat at Pittsburgh, Pa., and fitted up a Daguerrotype gallery on board. He intends to float with the current.

## DR. JONAS W. CHAPMAN.

PHYSICIAN in this city, may be consulted daily at his office, Temple street, second door from Cambridge street.

Dr. C. having been many years associated with the system of medical practice of the late Dr. Samuel Thomson, the discoverer and fosterer of the system, has had signal opportunities of perfecting himself in this important and popular science, and is now attending physicians in many families in the city of medicine from twenty to forty years since. During his long experience as a Physician, Dr. C. has been called to attend many cases which baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians of the Old School, and numerous patients can be consulted on application at the office.

Midwifery is peculiarly successful under his treatment, and the mother that has been troubled with the old and the new system, is always ready to give her testimony in favor of the new, and against the old medical practice.

THE NEW MEDICAL ESTABLISHMENT at the corner of Cambridge and Temple streets, is constantly supplied with all the very best medicines which are contained in Thomson's *Medical Dictionary*, *ANTI-SCORBUTIC SYRUP*, for scurvy, affections.

The RENOVATING PILLS, for nervousness, dizziness and constipation; and The VEGETABLE RESTORATIVE, for debility.

Are medicines that need but a single trial to establish their value. Office, recollect, is at the Corner of Cambridge and Temple streets.

MEDICATED INHALATION, IN PULMONARY COMPLAINTS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CHRONIC AFFECTIONS, AND DIGESTIVE ORGANS.

DR. FROST CAN BE CONSULTED BY PATIENTS AT HIS OFFICE, No. 57 Cambridge Street, BOSTON.

WHERE he treats the above Complaints by a new and decided improved method, by which the Patient is principally relieved of the annoying medicine by INHALATION in the parts affected, and the healthy parts of the system are not affected and sickened by the coarse remedy, thus giving a practical remedy to the Patient, and saving nature its true course. Diseases, and the details of their cases, as to the duration of the complaints, the symptoms, age, habits of life, occupation, &c. Address Post Office—advice given.

NOTE.—The most prevalent of all diseases, and the most difficult to cure, is CONSUMPTION, may be traced to a slight cold. By an estimate not long since made, it appears that upwards of one hundred and fifty thousand the annual deaths in the United States, are caused by this disease. It is a DANGEROUS DISEASE.

ORIGINAL TEA STORE. THE CHINA TEA COMPANY No. 198 Washington street.

Have now been established six years; they deal in Black and Green Tea imported into the country, and deal for Cash only.

The success which has attended their efforts, has led them to a slight cold. By an estimate not long since made, it appears that upwards of one hundred and fifty thousand the annual deaths